

PRIZE COMICS

WESTERN

52 PAGES

10¢

Dusty Ballew

JULY AUG. NO.76

**LAZO KID
BLACK BULL**

AUTHORIZED
A. C. M. P.



**RANDOLPH
SCOTT**

Big EXTRA Feature

"Canadian Pacific"

Complete in this issue

SEND NO MONEY-WE TRUST YOU!

For BOYS, GIRLS, MEN and WOMEN!

Introduce our new watch-spring steel razor blades. Sell only ONE order of forty 10 cent packets of the famous "NEXT" double-edge razor blades and you can choose cash commission or any one of the valuable premiums shown here. Everyone will be glad to buy these marvelous razor blades, sold with a money-back guarantee. Print your name and address on the coupon below and mail to us. We'll send the blades to you, postage paid. Sell them, return the money and we will send you the premium you pick at once, or keep the cash commission. Your premium will be sent POSTAGE PAID! Many other wonderful premiums besides those shown here... See them in our catalog we send you with your order of blades. We'll ALSO SEND valuable Ball Point Pen Coupons for you to give each buyer. This will make it so easy to sell your blades. Remember: you need pay NO extras to get your premium.

THESE PREMIUMS OR CASH COMMISSION GIVEN

YOU PAY NO EXTRAS!

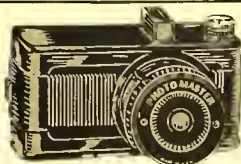


PHOTO-MASTER CAMERA GIVEN!

No toy, but a REAL candid-type camera that takes 16 pictures on roll of 127 film. Thousands sold for over \$5. A precision instrument, scientifically constructed to take clear, beautiful pictures that will be envied by all your friends. Takes full color pictures with color film. Genuine optical ground lens—exact level view finder, snap shots or time exposures. No extras to pay!

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Basket set included with this marvelous pebbled-grained Basketball! Good times ahead for all boys and girls who love a basketball game! No extras to pay!



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Five power, 2-section Telescope. Has genuine optically ground polished lenses. It's waterproof and rustproof. Extra wide field of vision. No extras to pay!



Combination PEN and FLASHLIGHT! GIVEN

New Ball Point for easy writing—with flashlight always handy for emergencies. All in one. The dark holds no terrors when it's in your pocket. No extras to pay!



3-piece DRESSER SET GIVEN

Beautiful, colorful all-plastic. Hand mirror, fine comb and long-life hair brush to delight every woman and girl! No extras to pay!

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Every boy wants a genuine fielder's glove. You'll be the hit of the team. Play better ball, look like a big leaguer.



POCKET WATCH GIVEN



Every man or boy wants this real time-piece. Never be late for dates, school or appointments. Handsome, dependable! No extras to pay!

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Mounting of genuine sterling silver with brilliant imitation diamond size of about half-carat gem. Any woman or girl will prize and wear it for its beauty.



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Beautiful, matching set Streamlined, durable plastic. Perfect curve point Solitaire, jet black trim and gold-effect clip.

FOOTBALL GIVEN



Official size, pebbled-grained and canvas-lined. Sturdy—will take lots of hard wear. No extras to pay!

Official size, pebbled-grained and canvas-lined. Sturdy—will take lots of hard wear. No extras to pay!

FLASHLIGHT GIVEN



Fixed-focus, powerful lens, attractive, durable finish. Ideal for emergencies in or out of doors. Bright, steady beam.

SEND NO MONEY JUST MAIL COUPON!

SYDNEIE NATHAN, Dept. H, Wilmington 7, Delaware
Send me one order of forty 10 cent packets of your "NEXT" double edge razor blades. As soon as I have sold them I will send you the \$4.00 and ask for my premium, or keep the cash commission. Please Rush!

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

SPORT BINOCULARS GIVEN

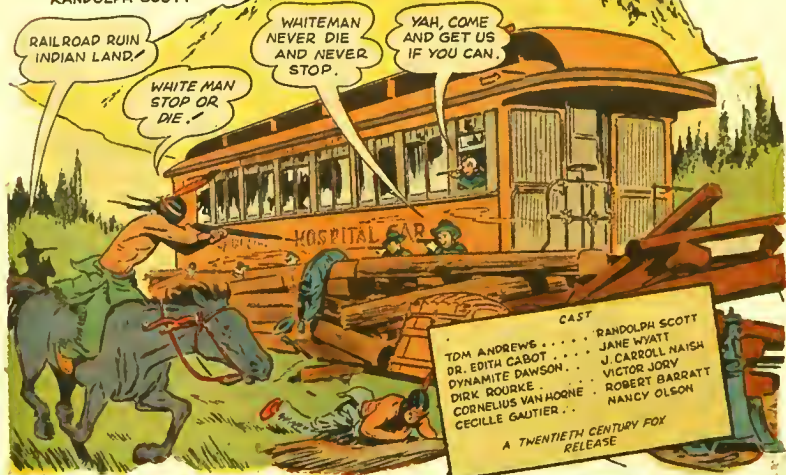


Sturdy plastic Binoculars with strong, optically ground lenses. They can be focused for distance. Complete with carrying strap. Spot airplanes, watch football and baseball games, bring things at distance up close for observation. No extras to pay.

BUILDING THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY AGAINST MOUNTAIN BARRIERS, RENEGADE FUR TRADERS, AND HOSTILE INDIANS BROUGHT ABOUT ONE OF THE GREATEST OF ALL WILD WEST EPICS. THE PACIFIC PROVINCES THREATENED TO SECEDE, BUT THE IRON WILL OF SURVEYOR, TROUBLE-BOSS, **TOM ANDREWS**, ASSISTED BY HIS WILD, FEARLESS SWEETHEART, CECILLE GAUTIER, UNITED THE DOMINION OF CANADA WITH LINKS OF STEEL IN

"CANADIAN PACIFIC"

BASED ON NAT HOLT'S
CINECOLOR PRODUCTION
STARRING
RANDOLPH SCOTT

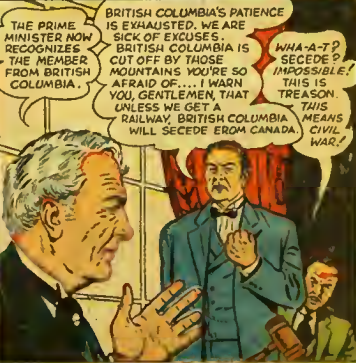


BUT THERE WAS A HEATED DIFFERENCE OF OPINION IN THE CANADIAN PARLIAMENT ABOUT THE CANADIAN PACIFIC. . . .

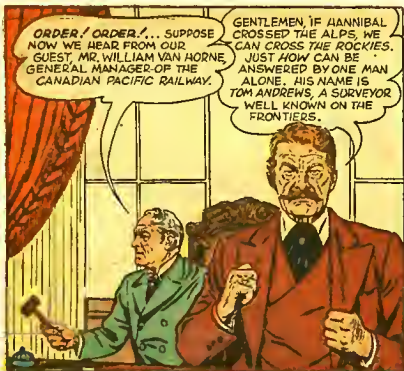
THE PRIME MINISTER NOW RECOGNIZES THE MEMBER FROM ONTARIO.

THE SETTLERS THEMSELVES DON'T WANT THIS RAILROAD BUILT, AND THE INDIANS ARE ALREADY ON THE WARPATH AGAINST IT. THERE'LL BE BLOODSHED.

IT'S INSANE TO THINK YOU CAN DRIVE A ROAD THROUGH THESE TOWERING MOUNTAINS. IT'S A SHEER WASTE OF MONEY. I MOVE WE DROP THE WHOLE BUSINESS.



FRIZE COMICS WESTERN is published bi-monthly by Feature Publications, Inc. 1700 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y. Reentered as second class matter April 15, 1948 at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Single copy 10c. Yearly subscription (six issues) \$60, in the U.S.A. The stories, characters and incidents in this magazine are imaginary. Entire contents copyrighted 1949 by Feature Publications, Inc. VOL. 6 No. 3 JULY-AUG., 1949. Trademark registered in U. S. Patent Office. Printed in the U.S.A.



TOM'S RETURN FIRE CLIPS THE BIG ROCK THAT SHIELDS ROURKE AND CAGLE.



WHY THE DIRTY—
I'LL FILL HIM
FULL OF LEAD.

CAGLE, YOU FOOL! TIME
ENOUGH FOR MURDER.
IF THIS DON'T SCARE
HIM OFF, LET'S GET BACK.



OKAY ROURKE, BUT
YOU'LL BE SORRY YOU
DIDN'T BUMP THAT
SURVEYOR OFF THEM
ROCKS INTO THE CREEK
BELOW. WAIT AND SEE.

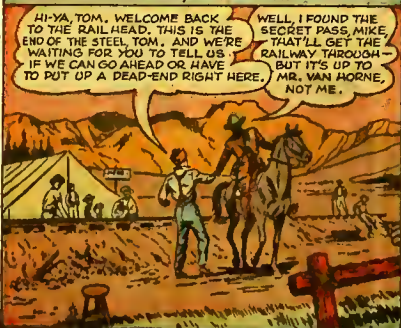
TAKING A SHORT CUT BACK TO CAMP, TOM
LEAVES A NOTE ON THE TRAIL FOR ROURKE
AND CAGLE.



Disk Rourke, I'm tired of
being hounded and shot
at by that prize team of
bushwackers, Rourke and
Cagle... so I'm leaving,
but the next time we
meet, I'll pin your ears
together—right through
the middle of your
fat head!...

Tom Andrews

AT THE RAILROAD BASE CAMP A FEW DAYS LATER, TOM
MEETS MIKE BRANNIGAN, THE FOREMAN.



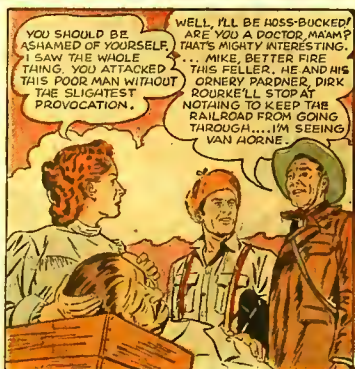
HI-YA, TOM. WELCOME BACK
TO THE RAILHEAD. THIS IS THE
END OF THE STEEL, TOM, AND WE'RE
WAITING FOR YOU TO TELL US
IF WE CAN GO AHEAD OR HAVE
TO PUT UP A DEAD-END RIGHT HERE.

WELL, I FOUND THE
SECRET PASS, MIKE,
THAT'LL GET THE
RAILWAY THROUGH—
BUT IT'S UP TO
MR. VAN HORNE,
NOT ME.

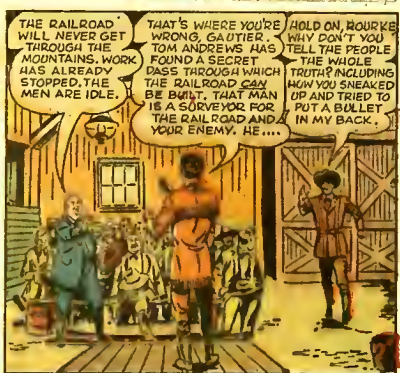
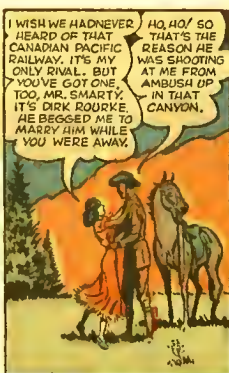
NOBODY BUT THAT OLD
FOOL, DYNAMITE DAWSON,
WOULD DRIVE A WAGONLOAD
OF DYNAMITE AS FAST AS THAT.

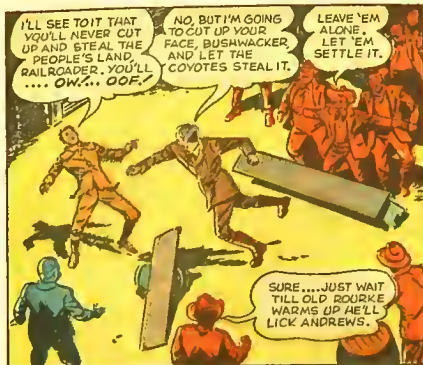


YEAH, I'M ALWAYS
AFRAID THAT OLD
COOT'S GOIN' TO
BLOW US OVER
THE MOUNTAINS
ONE OF THESE DAYS.







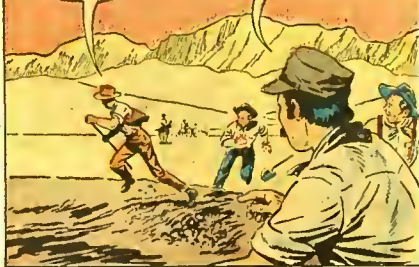


A FEW DAYS LATER, TOM ARRIVES AT SCENE OF RAILROAD OPERATIONS



CAN YOU BEAT IT?
IF THAT WAGON
TURNS OVER WE'LL
ALL GO TO KINGDOM
COME.

THAT DYNAMITE DAWSON
IS CRAZY AS A LOON.
SOMEBODY BETTER
STOP THE OLD FOOL.



WELL, OF ALL THE
CRAZY FOOL
STUNTS,



WHAT YOU TRYING
TO DO, YOU OLD
FOOL, BLOW
EVERYBODY?
THESE HORSES
ARE VALUABLE
EVEN IF YOU AIN'T.

WILLY DAB BLAST
YORE TIMBERS,
TOM ANDREWS.
I KNOW WHAT I'M
A-DOIN'. BESIDES
I GOT TO TELL
YOU SOMETHING
MIGHTY
CONFIDENTIAL.



THIS HAD
BETTER BE
IMPORTANT.

I'LL SAY IT'S IMPORTANT,
... SOMEBODY'S STEALING
MY DYNAMITE, NIGHT
BEFORE LAST, HALF A
BOX. LAST NIGHT, A
WHOLE BOX.



BUT THAT'S ONLY HALF
THE MYSTERY, I FOUND
MOCCASIN TRACKS
AROUND THE MAGAZINE,
BUT INJUNS DON'T
ENAVY DYNAMITE, TOM.

INJUNS, HUH?
... SO LONG,
DYNAMITE.
SEE YOU LATER.



CHIEF, TWO OF YOUR MEN
THERE DON'T LOOK LIKE
INDIANS. LOOK MORE
LIKE PALE FACE.

WHITE MAN GOT EYES
LIKE HAWK... MEBBESO
BETTER SHUT EYES TIGHT.





WEARY AND WORN FROM HIS NIGHT'S WORK, TOM THINKS HE HAS REACHED JOURNEY'S END, BUT WAIT.....

WHEW! SIXTY YEARS FROM NOW WHEN FOLKS RIDE THE FAST CANADIAN PACIFIC LIMITED, I WONDER IF THEY'LL EVER GIVE A THOUGHT TO GUYS LIKE ME. MAYBE I AM A FOOL, LIKE CECILIE SAID.



ROURKE AND CAGLE ARE NOW READY TO SEND TOM ON HIS LONGEST JOURNEY.

OKAY, AIM AT THE DYNAMITE - ONE OF THE BOTTOM BOXES, AND HIT AT HIM! IT'S FAR ENOUGH AWAY, BUT ROLL FLAT ANYHOW IN THIS HOLLOW.



AND THUS DIABOLICAL REVENGE TAKES ITS TOLL.

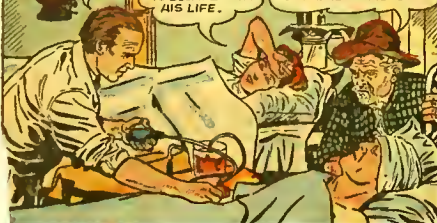


TYPING OF BLOOD HAD NOT YET BEEN DISCOVERED; BUT BLOOD TRANSFUSION HAD BEEN USED AS A LAST DESPERATE RESORT FOR OVER 200 YEARS.

I MUST REMIND YOU, EDITH, THAT IF YOUR BLOOD IS NOT HIS TYPE THE SHOCK MAY PROVE FATAL.

HE'S THE KIND OF MAN THAT WOULD ASK TO TAKE THE GAMBLE... WHAT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IS HOW HE MANAGED TO ESCAPE WITH HIS LIFE.

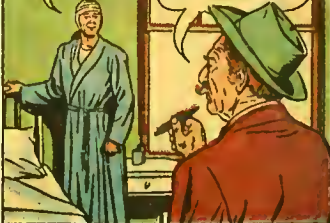
THAT'S ONE OF THE FUNNY PECOLIARITIES ABOUT DYNAMITE, MA'AM. HE WAS TOO CLOSE. SIX FEET FURTHER AWAY HE'D BEEN BLOWN ALL INTO LITTLE PIECES. I ALLUS SAID TOM ANDREWS WAS LUCKY.



SEVERAL MONTHS LATER TOM IS BACK ON HIS FEET AT THE BASE HOSPITAL.

I FEEL FINE, MR. VAN HORNE, GETTING STRONGER EVERY DAY. TELL ME, HOW'S THE WORK GOING WITH THE RAILROAD?

WELL, WE FOUND THE PASS AND STARTED UP AGAIN ALL RIGHT, BUT SOMEBODY'S KEEPING OUR WORKMEN STIRRED UP. THEY'RE FULL OF DISSENSION. DON'T WANT TO WORK.



LATER, TOM GETS A VISIT FROM HIS FRIEND, DYNAMITE DAWSON.

I DIDN'T WANT TO TELL YOU THIS, OLD PAL, TILL YOU WUZ STRONG ENOUGH TO HEAR IT, BUT DID YOU EVER FIGGER OUT HOW THAT DYNAMITE WUZ SET OFF?

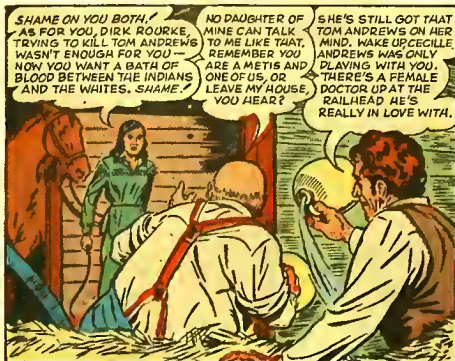
NO, EXCEPT IT SEEMS TO ME I HEARD A RIFLE CRACK A SPLIT SECOND BEFORE THE BIG BUST.

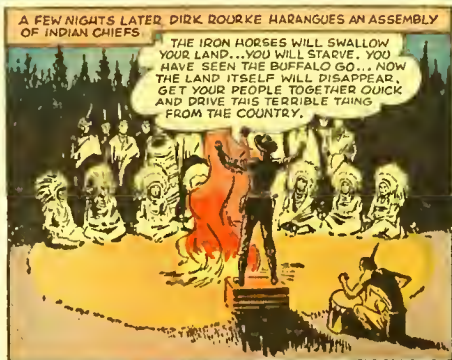


IT WAS ROURKE AND CAGLE DONE IT FROM AMBUSH... IT WAS YORE GAL, CECILIE, WHAT TOLD ME. SHE OVERHEARD ROURKE BRAGGING ABOUT IT TO HER PA.

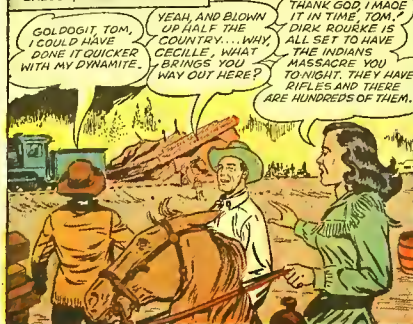
CECILIE? I TAUGHT SHE DIDN'T CARE ANY MORE.







JUST AS TOM USES THE WORK ENGINE TO PULL DOWN BAILEY'S SALOON, CECILLE ARRIVES.



GOLDOGIT, TOM, I COULD HAVE DONE IT QUICKER WITH MY DYNAMITE.

YEAH, AND BLOWN UP HALF THE COUNTRY... WHY CECILLE, WHAT BRINGS YOU WAY OUT HERE?

THANK GOD, I MADE IT IN TIME, TOM. DIRK ROURKE IS ALL SET TO HAVE THE INDIANS MASSACRE YOU TONIGHT, THEY HAVE RIFLES AND THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF THEM.

HURRY UP, MEN. THIS BARRICADE'S GOT TO BE DONE BEFORE NIGHT.



BY GUM, I KIN ALREADY HEAR THEM INJUN WAR DRUMS IN THE HILLS. S'FACT.

NIGHT, INSIDE THE HOSPITAL CAR.



DR. MASON AND OR CABOT, I WANT YOU TO MEET OUR GOOD FRIEND, CECILLE GAUTIER, WHO RODE HORSEBACK NEARLY A HUNDREO MILES TO WARN US OF A BIG INDIAN ATTACK TONIGHT.

PLEASED TO MEET YOU, I'M SURE. INDIANS, MY WORD, WE'RE OUTNUMBERED.

HELLO, SO AM I.

TOM, DID YOU GET MR. VAN HORNE BY TELEGRAPH? WE'VE GOT TO HAVE REINFORCEMENTS AND QUICK.

WIRES HAVE ALL BEEN CUT, MIKE. ONE OF US HAS GOT TO MAKE A RUN FOR IT.

AND I'M THE LITTLE BOY TO DO IT. WAY ONCE I WON THE KENTUCKY OERBY ON A MULE... SO LONG. SEE YOU LATER.



IN THE MOONLIGHT THROUGH HIS FIELD-GLASSES, TOM SEES ON A NEARBY HILL SOME FAMILIAR FIGURES.



BY CRACKETY, MIKE, IF THERE AIN'T THOSE VARMINTS, ROURKE AND CAGLE, ON THAT HILL YONDER, NOBODY'S DUE TO SURPRISE 'EM BUT ME. THEY GOT RIFLES AND ARE USING 'EM IN A GRANDSTAND SEAT.

PLEASE BE MIGHTY CAREFUL, TOM. YOU KNOW WE CAN'T SPARE YOU.

YOU SHOULD HAVE SET FIRE TO THAT DEAD PINE LONG AGO, ROURKE. WHEN THE INDIANS SEE THAT SIGNAL, THEY'LL RUSH THE BARRICADES AND IT WILL ALL BE OVER.

HAD TO WAIT, CAGLE. TOO MUCH FUN PICKING OFF THEM FOOLS DOWN THERE. THEY DIDN'T EVEN KNOW WHERE THE RIFLE BULLETS WERE COMING FROM.



I WOULDN'T BE TOO SURE ABOUT THAT, YOU BUSHWACKERS!

WHY, YOU SNEAKIN'-FOOTED RAILROADER... OHH, ARGHH. GOT ME... OHHH.



THE CRAFTY ROURKE NOW BACKS BEHIND THE TREE TRUNK SO THAT THE LIGHT FROM THE BURNING BRANCHES FALLS FULL ON TOM.

TOM ANDREWS WON'T GET DIRK ROURKE. I'M TOO SMART FOR HIM.

YOU'LL GET WHAT'S COMING TO YOU AND LONG OVER DUE, DIRK ROURKE. ... OH-HA!

HOW DO YOU LIKE THE LIGHT IN YOUR EYES, TOM ANDREWS? SORT OF SPOILS YOUR AIM, DOESN'T IT?



ROURKE WOUNDS TOM IN THE ARM, THEN, AS HE RUSHES FORWARD TO FINISH HIM OFF, A BURNING BRANCH COLLAPSES! ROURKE IS SMOTHERED IN FLAMES!

YOUR TIME HAS COME, TOM ANDREWS, AND THE RAILROAD STOPS WITH YOU. I'LL PUT YOU OUT OF YOUR MISERY LIKE I WOULD ANY OTHER DYING ANIMAL. ... WHAT TA... OH-HA. ARGHH! HELP! HELP! I'M ON FIRE! HELP!

YOU'VE TRAPPED YOURSELF, DIRK ROURKE. NEARH YOUR OWN BURNING TREE! BY THE HAND OF FATE, THE CANADIAN PACIFIC WILL GET THROUGH!



THE RESCUE TRAIN ARRIVES AND THE INDIANS RUN FOR THEIR LIVES.

UP AND AT 'EM, MEN! DRIVE THEM REDSKINS BACK WHAR THEY COME FROM.

ME NO BAD INDIAN. ME LIKE RAILROADERS.



NEXT DAY, CECILLE SEES EDITH CABOT KISS TOM.

WELL TOM, THANK HEAVEN IT'S ONLY A MINOR WOUND AND THANKS TO YOU THE CANADIAN PACIFIC HAS HAD IT'S GREATEST VICTORY. THE ROAD WILL SOON BE COMPLETED NOW.

OTHERS DESERVE CREDIT TOO MR. VAN HORNE. EVEN DYNAMITE DAWSON. AND ESPECIALLY CECILLE GAUTIER WHERE IS SHE?



AS THE HOSPITAL CAR CARRIES THE WOUNDED BACK TO THE BASE HOSPITAL, CECILLE WATCHES TOM SWING ABOARD.



TOM, TOM, YOU NO GO WAY? YOU COME BACK TO ME, YES?

I WOULDN'T LEAVE YOU, CECILLE. I JUST WANTED TO THANK DR. CABOT FOR ALL SHE HAD DONE FOR ME.

BY CRACKY I'D BET MY LAST STICK OF DYNAMITE THAT TOM ANDREWS WASN'T GOING TO GO SOFT FOR NO FEMALE DOCTOR.



HONEYMOONERS!



OUT OF THE JAGGED MOUNTAINS OF MONTANA, SWEEPS A HOWLING BLIZZARD... AND THE SWIRLING SNOW, LIKE A WILD SHROUD, BRINGS DUSTY BALLEW AND GUMPTION JONES INTO AN ACTION-PACKED ADVENTURE AS THEY BUCK A DEADLY GAMBLER, A BRUTAL PRIZE FIGHTER, AND DEATH WHEN THEY BATTLE FOR...

THE THOUSAND DOLLAR FORFEIT!



IN THE TEETH OF AN ICY, BREATH-CHILLING BLIZZARD, DUSTY BALLEW AND GUMPTION JONES BATTLE THEIR WAY TOWARD AN ISOLATED RANCH, STRUGGLING AGAINST THE WILD STORM. THEIR HORSES ON THE POINT OF EXHAUSTION, THEIR OWN STRENGTH WANING...

LOOK, DUSTY! UP YONDER! A RANCH HOUSE!

GUMPTION, THAT'S THE NICEST SIGHT I EVER SAW. A LITTLE BIT FURTHER, AN I'D HAVE TO CARRY MUH HORSE... AN' A LITTLE FURTHER THAN THAT, AN' YOU'D HAVE TO CARRY US BOTH.



SHORE, DUSTY. THAT'S A MIGHTY FINE IDEA. BUT WHOD CARRY MEZ?

NEVER MIND THAT NOW WE'RE HERE



AT THE RANCH HOUSE...

RIGHT THIS WAY, GENTS! YOU CAN PUT YOUR HOSSES UP IN THE CORRAL, AN' GIT IN OUT OF THE STORM. IT'S THE FIERCEST WE'VE SEEN IN YEARS!

THANKS, FARD. MIGHTY KIND OF YOU.



WAAL, IT'D BE A MIGHTY INHUMAN THING TO LET A COUPLE OF PILGRIMS RIDE ON THE LOOSE IN WEATHER LIKE THIS. I RECOGNIZE THE BOTH OF YUH, EVEN UNDER THAT BLANKET OF SNOW... DUSTY BALLEW AND GUMPTION JONES, AIN'T IT?

RIGHT, FRIEND AN' IF I'M NOT WRONG, YOU'RE PETE CASHMAN... MET YOU IN ABILENE. REMEMBER HIM, GUMPTION?



MEBBE IT'S A BREAK THAT I FOUND YOU. I'M IN POWERFUL TROUBLE, BOYS. POWERFUL TROUBLE.

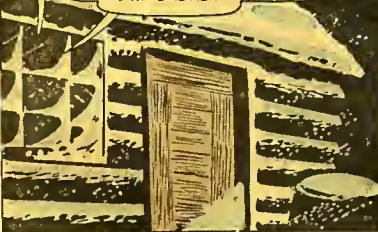
ANYTHIN' WE CAN DO, PETE... ANYTHIN' AT ALL.



A FEW MINUTES LATER, IN THE RANCH HOUSE.

NOW WHAT'S BITIN' YUH PETE?

BOYS, THE SQUEEZE IS ON ME. I NEED A THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR FEED OR EVERY HEAD OF CATTLE ON THIS RANCH WILL DIE. TRIED SOMETHING DESPERATE TRIED TO RAISE THE MONEY ON SPADE LAWRENCE'S ROULETTE WHEEL, NOW I'M BROKE.



SPADE LAWRENCE? HE'S THE CROOKEDEST GAMBLER WEST OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

IF YOU LOST YOUR DOUGH TO HIM, HE WON IT CROOKED.



THAT DON'T DO ME NO GOOD. I'LL LOSE MUH RANCH... I'LL LOSE EVERY CENT I HAVE. AN' I'LL BE A DRIFTER, AFTER THIRTY YEARS OF WORKIN'... WHILE LAWRENCE'LL GIT MUH RANCH.

TAKE IT EASY, OLD TIMER. HE WON'T GIT NOTHIN'... NOT IF WE CAN DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT.



SOON'S THIS STORM ABATES, WE'LL RIDE INTO TOWN, PETE, YOU, ME AND GUMPTION... AN' WE'LL HAVE A LITTLE TALK WITH SPADE.



WHEN THE BLIZZARD WAS OVER, THE THREE FRIENDS RODE INTO TOWN, OUTSIDE SPADE LAWRENCE'S GAMBLING PALACE...

WHO'S THIS KILLER MASON, PETE?

HE'S A PRIZE FIGHTER, WORKS FOR LAWRENCE SO FAR THEY NEVER HAD TO PAY THAT THOUSAND.

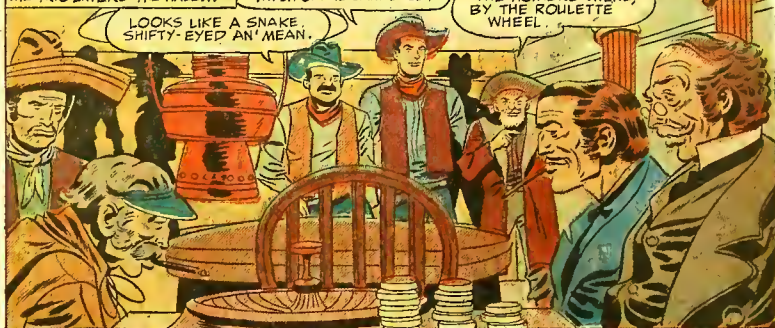


THE TRIO ENTERS THE HALL...

WHICH ONE IS LAWRENCE?

THE HOMBRE THERE, BY THE ROULETTE WHEEL.

LOOKS LIKE A SNAKE SHIFTY-EYED AN' MEAN.



CASHMAN: HOW ARE YOU? READY TO LOSE ANOTHER THOUSAND... ARE YOU? THEY SAY THERE'S NO FOOL LIKE AN OLD FOOL.

WATCH YOUR TONGUE, YOU DIRTY SIDE-WINDER...



WHAT'LL YUH DO ABOUT IT, YUH USED UP COW MAN? I THINK YUH'LL MAKE TROUBLE?

HE WON'T! BUT I WILL!



AN' HERE'S THE FIRST INSTALLMENT OF THE TROUBLE I PROMISED MISTER!



JEST STAND BACK GENTS,
UNLESS YOU'D LIKE A .44
SLUG FOR BREAKFAST!

GIT ON YOUR FEET,
SPADE. IT'D BE A
PLEASURE TO KNOCK
YOU DOWN AGIN



HOLD IT, PILGRIM! YOU'RE
A SCRAPPER! I'LL TESTIFY
YOU CAN PUNCH! NOW I
RECKON YOU WANT TO
HELP CASHMAN. HERE
RIGHT? OKAY, I'LL GIVE YUH
A CHANCE TO WIN A THOUSAND
DOLLARS!

HOW? TALK
STRAIGHT, LAWRENCE,
OR I'LL BREAK YUH
IN HALF!



I HAVE A FIGHTER NAMED
KILLER MASON. IF YOU STAY
FIVE ROUNDS WITH HIM, I'LL
PAY YOU THE THOUSAND.
IS IT A DEAL?



SHOR, GAMBLER!
IT'S A DEAL. TROT
HIM OUT. I'LL
FIGHT HIM.
FOR ME. THAT
MASON'S A KILLER.
HE'S SENT THREE MEN
TO BOOT HILL ALREADY.

SHECKS, DUSTY. LET
ME PUT A SLUG THROUGH
THIS RAT AN' WE'LL
CALL IT SQUARE.



NO, I'LL FIGHT.
BRING OUT YOUR
MAN, LAWRENCE.
I'LL MEET HIM
ANYTIME, ANY
PLACE.

OKAY,
TUMBLEWEED!
TONIGHT, RIGHT
HERE. WE'LL
RUN THE FIGHT
WITH NO HOLDS
BARRED. NONE OF
THIS FANCY DAN
MARQUIS OF QUEENS-
BURY STUFF. AN' IF
YOU WIN... YOU'LL EARN
THAT THOUSAND.



I'LL BE HERE, LAWRENCE.
SEE THAT MASON'S
READY.

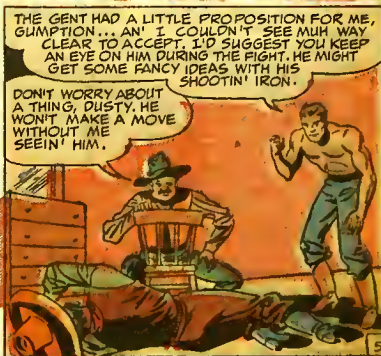
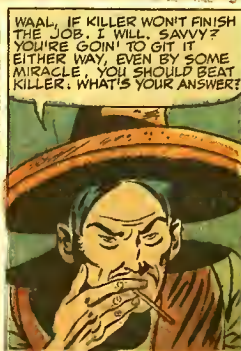
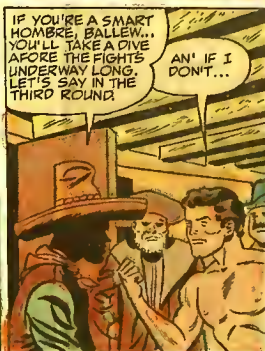
HE'LL BE
READY.



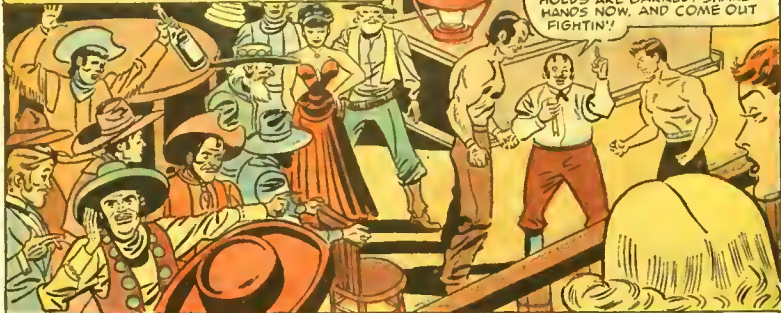
ROCKY, GO GET KILLER. TELL HIM
I HAVE ANOTHER VICTIM. AN' ROCKY...
JUST IN CASE... I WANT YUH TO
HAVE A TALK WITH THIS DUSTY
BALLEW, BEFORE THE FIGHT.
NOTHIN' MUST GO
WRONG, SAVVY?

SHOR,
BOSS.
YOU CAN
DEPEND ON
ROCKY. I AIN'T
LET YUH DOWN
YET!





UP IN THE SMOKE FILLED HALL, AN EAGER CROWD AWAITS THE START OF THE FIGHT.



YOU GENTS UNDERSTAND... THIS IS FIVE ROUNDS. BUT NO HOLDS ARE BARRED. SHAKE HANDS NOW. AND COME OUT FIGHTIN'!

THE BELL!



AT THE BELL, DUSTY LEAPS OUT... HIS FISTS FLYING LIKE PISTONS... NOT LOSING A MOMENT IN PRESSING THE ATTACK...

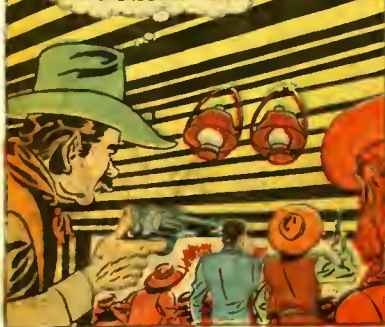


...AND THE TWO CONTESTANTS ARE AT IT HAMMER AND TONGS...

LOOKS LIKE THOSE TWO ARE UP TO NO GOOD.



AHA... DIRTY WORK AT THE CROSSROADS.



KEEP YOUR SEATS GENTS! I JEST SHOT A SIDEWINDER...NOTHIN' TO WORRY ABOUT!





OUT OF THE PAGES OF HISTORY COMES A GRIM STORY DISASTER ON THE FRONTIER, AS GALLANT CAVALRYMEN GO DOWN TO HEROIC DEFEAT IN BATTLE AGAINST THE WILY SIOUX LED BY CRAZY HORSE, THEIR WARRIOR CHIEF... BUT WHEN GUMPTION JONES SPINS THE STORY OF CUSTER'S LAST STAND, HISTORY IS REVISED FOR...

The EVENTS on the LITTLE BIG HORN

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES, MY BROTHERS! OUR FIGHT IS HOPELESS! WE ARE BATTLING GUMPTION JONES! RUN! RUN!

I'LL LEARN YOU VARMINTS NOT TO TANGLE WITH GUMPTION!



THOSE TWO ROAMING BUCKAROOS, DUSTY BALLEW AND GUMPTION JONES FIND THEMSELVES IN MONTANA, ON HISTORICAL GROUND...

RECKON WE CAN CAMP HERE, GUMPTION... LOOKS LIKE A GOOD SPOT.

SOMETHIN' ALL FIRED FAMILIAR ABOUT THIS PLACE, DUSTY. SEEMS LIKE I'VE BEEN HERE AFORE.



WELL, OLD TIMER, IT HAD BETTER LOOK FAMILIAR TO YOU. I'VE HEARD ENOUGH SPOUTIN' FROM YOU ABOUT THIS PLACE. WE'RE AT THE LITTLE BIG HORN.

SHECKS, I SHOULD'VE RECOGNIZED IT, GOLDURN IT, IF GENERAL CUSTER HAD LISTENED TO ME, WE'D HAVE CAPTURED CRAZY HORSE, AN' SITTIN' BULL, TOO, 'STEAD OF WHUT DID HAPPEN. THOSE WERE THE DAYS DUSTY... WHEN I WAS CHIEF SCOUT FOR THE OLD SEVENTH CAVALRY.



DUSTY, HOW'D YUH LIKE TO HEAR THE TRUE STORY OF MY EXPERIENCE HERE AT THE LITTLE BIG HORN? WHY, IT'S A RIP-SNORTING YARN. IT ALL STARTED BACK IN JUNE, '76... CAN I STOP YUH WANT TO HEAR THE STORY, DON'T YUH, DUSTY?

YOU? GO AHEAD GUMPTION...



"I WUZ ASSIGNED TO THE SEVENTH IN KANSAS AND HAD TAKEN PART IN THE FIGHTIN' AGAINST THE CHEYENNES, AN' AFTER THAT CAMPAIGN, WE WERE LOAFIN', TAKIN' IT EASY, WHEN TROUBLE BUST OUT IN MONTANA AN' DAKOTA...THE SIOUX HIT THE WAR PATH..."

GUMPTION. GENERAL CUSTER WANTS TO SEE YUH, SAYS IT'S QUITE URGENT.

OKAY SAM. TELL HIM I'M COMIN' A-RUNNIN'!



"I REPORTED TO GENERAL CUSTER..."

SCOUT JONES GENERAL

GUMPTION, YOU'RE JUST THE MAN I WANT TO SEE. ORDERS HAVE COME THROUGH FOR US TO MOVE AGAINST THE SIOUX IN MONTANA AND DAKOTA. THE SEVENTH IS TO BE THE ADVANCE GUARD OF GENERAL TERRY'S COMMAND...AND THAT'S WHERE YOU COME IN.



I WANT YOU, GUMPTION, TO SCOUT OUT THE SIOUX. FIND THEIR CAMP, AND REPORT BACK TO ME. WE'LL MEET ON THE LITTLE BIG HORN

OKAY, GENERAL. I'M ON MUH WAY.



"AT DAWN THE NEXT MORNING I WAS MOUNTED AN' HEADIN' TOWARD SIOUX COUNTRY... READY TO TANGLE WITH SITTIN' BULL...AND THE RUGGEST FIGHTERS EVER SEEN ON THESE SHORES...THE SIOUX..."



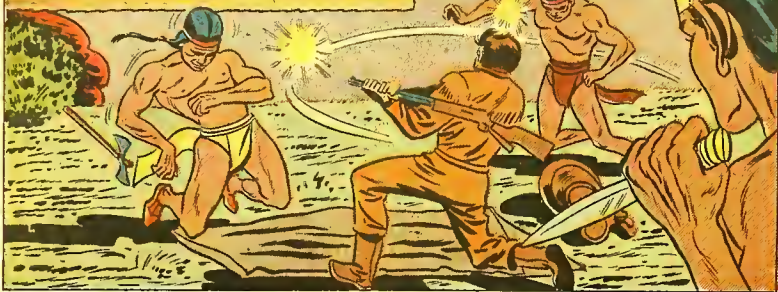
AFTER LONG HARD RIDING I REACHED SIOUX COUNTRY... AN' SOON KNEW THAT I WAS BEIN' FOLLOWED BY THREE WARRIORS... I PRETENDED NOT TO LET ON...



"I MADE UP MUH CAMP AN' LAY DOWN, WATCHIN' THEM. THREE VARMINTS INCH UP ON ME. I SEEN 'EM COMIN' CLOSER AN' CLOSER AN' I KNEW IF I MADE ONE MISTAKE ...IT'D BE MUH LAST..."



"AS THEY CAME UP REAL CLOSE, I WENT INTO ACTION. COULDN'T RISK A SHOT, 'CAUSE I DIDN'T KNOW HOW MANY OF 'EM WERE IN THE VICINITY... AN' I DIDN'T WANT A WHOLE WAR PARTY ON MUHNECK."



"WAAL, DUSTY... THAT FIGHT WAS A CORKER... WE KICKED UP A LOT OF DUST... BUT I MANAGED TO HANDLE THE WHOLE PASSEL OF 'EM... AND PRETTY SOON..."

THAR! THAT'LL PUT YOU AWAY FOR A WHILE, INJUN!

UHHH!



WAIT A MINUTE! I JUST CAUGHT AN IDEA! HOW'D IT BE IF I DISGUISED MUHSELF LIKE ONE OF THESE BRAVES... AN' SNOOPED AROUND SITTIN' BULL'S CAMP? THEY'D NEVER NOTICE ME AMONG A PACK OF INJUNS.



THAR! GOOD THING I FOUND ALL THIS RED CLAY ALONG THE RIVER BANK. NOBODY COULD TELL ME APART NOW. AN' NOW FOR SITTIN' BULL AN' THE SIOUX.



"JEST AS EASY AS FALLIN' OFF A LOG, I WALKED RIGHT DAB INTO THE SIOUX CAMP... IT SHOR WAS A CINCH..."

HOW!

HOW!



"AS I WANDERED ALL THROUGH THE CAMP, TAKIN' MENTAL NOTES, I PASSED A GROUP OF INJUNS WHO WERE PLAYIN' GAMES. ONE OF THEM TAPPED ME ON THE SHOULDER AS I PASSED."

BROTHER, WE NEED ONE MORE CONTESTANT. YOU ARE CHOSEN.

HUH? I MEAN... WAAL, I DON'T EXACTLY FEEL LIKE PLAYIN' GAMES.



BROTHER, I AM CHIEF CRAZY HORSE WHEN I ASK SOMETHING, IT IS DONE. EITHER YOU PLAY GAMES, OR ELSE MAKE A HURRIED JOURNEY TO THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS. YOU HAVE YOUR CHOICE.

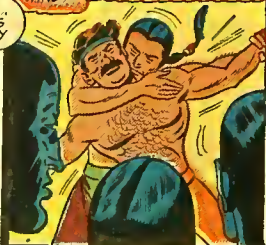
HEH... HEH... WELL, IF YOU PUT IT THAT WAY... OF COURSE, I'LL PLAY!



NOW WE WILL PLAY A GAME... THE TWO OF US! WE WILL WRESTLE. IF YOU THROW ME... YOU SHALL GO HIGH IN THE CHIEF'S COUNCIL. IF I THROW YOU... THEN, PERHAPS, YOU WILL BE LEFT FOR THE BUZZARDS.

COME ON, CRAZY HORSE. NO SENSE OF US PALEVERIN'... I'M READY FOR YUH.

"THE NEXT FEW MINUTES WERE THE WORST I'VE EVER SPENT... THAT CRAZY HORSE WAS STRONG AS A BULL, AND SLIPPERY AS AN EEL. HE HAD A GRIP OF IRON... AND WHEN HE GRABBED ME... IT WAS A STEEL BAND SHUTTIN' OFF MUH WIND!"



"IN A TWINKLIN' CRAZY HORSE HAD ME ON THE GROUND... BUT..."

THAR WE GO, CRAZY HORSE!



"AND, HAVIN' SECURED THIS ADVANTAGE... I PINNED THE SIOUX CHIEF... WHILE THE ONLOOKIN' INJUNS BUST OUT INTO WILD CHEERIN'!"

I RECKON THIS DOES IT, CRAZY HORSE!

YES, YOU HAVE WON!



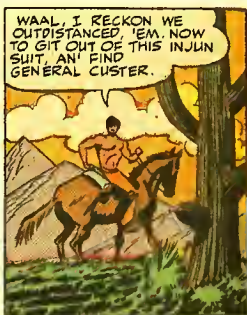
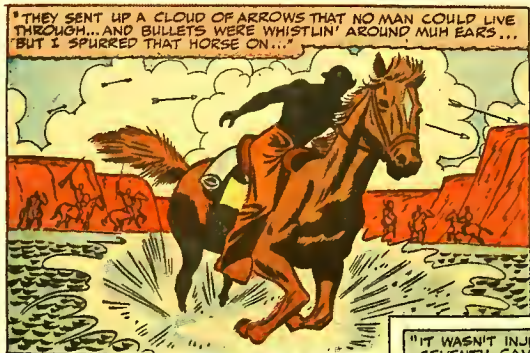
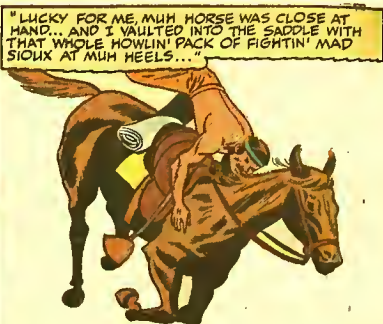
COME, MY BROTHER. I SHALL TAKE YOU TO OUR GREAT MEDICINE MAN, SITTIN' BULL... AND YOU WILL HEAR THE PLANS OF THE CHIEF'S COUNCIL. FOR HAVING DEFEATED ME, THERE IS A SEAT FOR YOU AMONG THE HIGHEST MEN OF THE TRIBE.

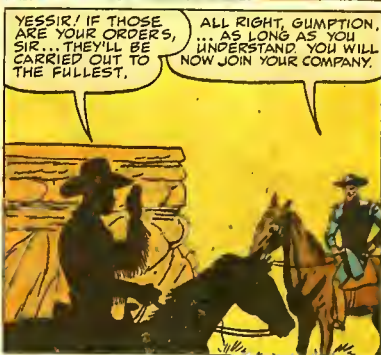
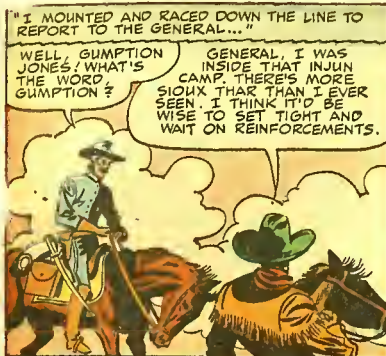
THIS IS THE BIGGEST BREAK I COULD WANT!

THANK YOU, MIGHTY CHIEFTAIN!

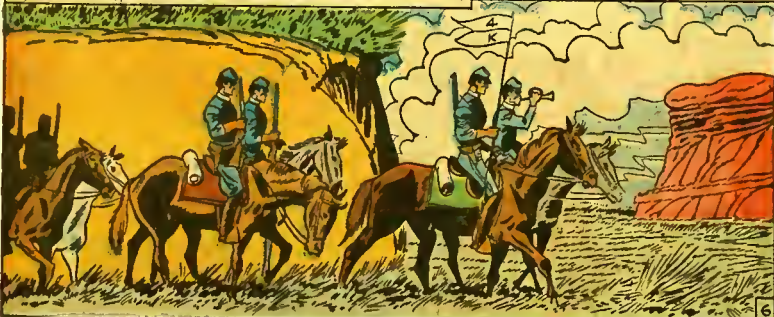
WAIT! HE IS NO INDIAN! HE IS A PALEFACE!







THERE WERE SHORT, SHARP ORDERS... BUGLES RANG OUT... AND THE TROOPERS FORMED RANKS, AS THEIR SABRES GLINTED IN THE AFTERNOON SUN...



THAR THEY ARE!
THAR'S THE INJUNS!

AT THE DOUBLE!
FOOOOWAAARD!



"IN THE NEXT FEW MINUTES, THERE WAS A TERRIFIC BATTLE ON THE BANKS OF THE LITTLE BIG HORN... WITH TROOPS AND SIOUX LOCKED IN DEADLY COMBAT...IT WAS THE BIGGEST BATTLE I EVER SAW..."



"AND SO FIGHTING TO THE BITTER END, EVERY MAN OF CUSTER'S COMMAND DIED IN BATTLE..."



GUMPTION...I KNOW THIS IS THE END, IF I'D LISTENED TO YOU, IT WOULD NEVER HAVE HAPPENED THIS WAY. YOU WERE RIGHT, AN' I WAS WRONG.

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, GENERAL, WE ALL MAKE MISTAKES.



YEP, DUSTY... THAT'S JEST WHAT HAPPENED RIGHT HERE... BACK IN '76.

TELL ME, GUMPTION, HOW COME THAT BARKHADELE OF YOURS DIDN'T RUIN YOUR DISGUISE--AND HOW COME, IF EVERYONE OF CUSTER'S MEN WAS KILLED, YOU GOT AWAY?



ME ? OH, I WAS KILT, TOO.. THAT IS... I... UH... WAAL, IT WAS A GOOD YARN WASN'T IT, DUSTY?

GUMPTION, IF TRUTH WERE MONEY, YOU'D STARVE TO DEATH!



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SECRET OF THE SUPERSTITION MOUNTAINS

IF EVER a man was misnamed it was Lightnin' Walsh. He was slow and lazy, but having been born mighty quick in a big thunder storm and his mother being a bit romantic and sentimental, she named him Lightning and the name stuck.

It was a tough uphill fight to get Lightnin' promoted often enough to graduate him from the little red school house near Wickenburg, Arizona. But his mother was a determined woman and got herself elected to the School Board. Shortly thereafter, Lightnin's teacher suddenly discovered that he deserved graduation.

It would be less than accurate to say that Lightnin' was a high class moron. It would be closer to the truth to say that he was the least book-minded student that ever went to school. It wouldn't do to say that he was hand-minded either because his father ran a machine shop, for Lightnin' wouldn't work there. The fact was that this tall, rangy, black-haired boy with the dreamy yet sharp-sighted eyes was outdoor-minded. Indeed, he was a throwback to the early days of man. A nomad, who loved to hunt and fish, sleep put in the open beneath the stars, and ride a pony bareback.

Most people in Wickenburg felt sorry for the Walshes. To have an only son who was such a big disappointment. True, the lad was harmless enough, but undoubtedly a bit touched in the head. Not so, the mother of Lightnin'. She loved and understood him. And when his father gave him his last tanning with a stout hickory in the old barn, and Lightnin' ran away and went to live with the Pima Indians, it was his mother who met him secretly and told him to stay with the Indians.

"That's the life for you, my boy. You were not cut out for the white man's routine. You're too restless, Son. And if you're happy with the Pimas, then stay there."

"I am happy with the Pimas, Ma," Lightnin' replied. I like the kind of unhurried life they lead. But I wish you didn't have to work so hard. The only time I ever want money, Ma, is when I want to do things for you."

"Forget about making money, Son. Your father has been stinting and saving all his life, but he hasn't found happiness. And while you may find happiness among the Indians, you'll never make any money there unless . . . Ma's voice became sort of dreamy. And her eyes took on a far-away look.

"Unless what, Ma?"

"Oh, it's just a crazy idea, I've always had, Lightnin'. What I was going to say was unless you do some prospecting for gold, Lightnin'. Then you may be able to strike it rich."

"But all the gold in this part of Arizona has been already mined, Ma."

"I know. I know, Son. All except the Lost Dutchman's Mine in the Superstition Mountains. That was one of the richest gold mines in Arizona thirty years ago. It belonged to a man named Jacob Walz and he died without recording his claim or staking it out or telling anybody where it was And . . ."

Lightnin' grabbed his mother's arm. "Jacob Walz? Why that's the same name we got, Ma."

Not quite the same, Son. Old Jacob spelled it W-A-L-Z. But it's near enough to be a coincidence. And who knows? With the help of the Pimas you may be the one to find this Lost Dutchman Gold Mine?"

"Help of the Pimas? What have they got to do with it?"

"I don't know, exactly, Son. But I do know that they used to roam the Superstition Mountains and they have some ancient stories to tell about them. Good luck, my boy, I have to go home now before your father misses me. Keep in touch with me and don't forget your mother."

Thus it was that ambition was born in the breast of Lightnin' Walsh. And all the bitterness of being misunderstood by his father and looked down upon by the community was dissolved in this new obsession of finding the Lost Dutchman Mine.

Lightnin' went back to live with the Pimas and in the course of the years he not only learned the ways of the Red man, but through his marriage with Noseeta, the Chief's daughter, he was told some of the ancient legends about the Superstition Mountains, which still held in their rocky, barren, arid heights the untold secret of the whereabouts of the Lost Dutchman Mine.

Many fruitless days Lightnin' prospected for gold. But very little help did he get from the Pima Indians. He would ask them about the lost mine, but they would shrug their shoulders and explain that Superstition Mountains were bad medicine for both red man and white man. That long, long ago there was a great flood that covered Arizona desert and the Pimas climbed to the highest peaks of the Superstition Mountains to escape.

In the course of time, the flood waters began to recede, but the Pimas were warned by their high priests to keep complete silence until the waters were all gone. But so great was their relief when they saw the waters receding and knew that their lives were saved that those on the highest peaks let out a great cheer. This so incurred the displeasure of the tribal gods that the rejoicing Pimas were turned immediately into stone.

From the camp of the Pimas, these figures of stone could still be plainly seen. And not only Chief Thunder Bird, but Lightnin's wife, Noseeta, tried to dissuade him from trying to find the lost mine, telling him in all solemnity, that the tribal gods had closed the mouth of the mine and that, if the mine were opened again, the gods would send another big flood and both the Indians and the white man would be drowned.

Lightnin' Walsh laughed at all this and tried to show his father-in-law how silly and baseless such superstition really was; but the more he talked the harder grew the Indian Chief's face until his dark eyes blazed and he warned Lightnin' to leave the gods alone and not incur their wrath.

But ambition and a desire to vindicate his mother's faith in him drove Lightnin' Walsh to continue his efforts to find the lost gold mine.

In order to throw the Indians off the track, since he noticed that they were now watching him very narrowly, Lightnin' would set out alone for a week's journey and start in the opposite direction from the Superstition Mountains before he backtracked in the night to enter the mountain range whose secret he was determined to unlock. And always on such journeys, Noseeta would beg him to take her along, but he would refuse.

Then one night before he was to set out in the morning on his last trip, Noseeta whispered to him a secret under their blanket. She had found out, she said, where the lost mine was located and would lead him to it so that there might be an end to her husband's many absences from her side.

At first Lightnin' was reluctant to take her on such a trip. But then of a sudden it occurred to him that if the Pimas really knew where the Lost Mine was located, then they might indicate by a flurry of excitement when his steps took him close to the mouth of the mine. So he agreed and at dawn, he and Noseeta set out. They had a burro each between them with plenty of blankets against the cold nights, but what they carried most of was water. Small barrels, bottles, jugs, anything that would hold water. For that which discouraged so many in their quest for gold in the Superstition

Mountains was the great lack of water.

Lightnin's trail passed near the home of his mother. And he made a short detour to wish her well, to tell her that at last he believed he was going to find the lost mine and to receive her blessing. "Your father is getting old and is ill," she said. "And we have great need of help, now, my son, God be with you." And all the while, Noseeta, stood off to one side and cast shy glances at her mother-in-law and smiled and showed her teeth in her round face. Lightnin' took note that his mother was getting old, too. And that her hair was very white and her hands rough and gnarled from too much hard work. And his heart took pity on her and swelled with pride at the thought that soon he would be able to give her all the money she needed and then his father would be sorry that he called his only Son a no good loafer.

It took Lightnin' and Noseeta until late afternoon of the second day to reach the spot where Noseeta stopped and bowed and held her hands up in prayer and supplication to whatever tribal gods she had. Then she fearfully pointed her finger toward some huge rocks with cacti and creosote bush piled among them.

Lightnin' knew he must have passed this place many times without suspecting that it could possibly be the entrance to the Lost Mine. With Noseeta's help he began feverishly to tear away the camouflage of underbrush. And heaving with all his might he rolled one of the largest rocks away from what proved to be the entrance to a mine.

He rushed into the entrance and there scrawled on the walls were two words. JACOB WALZ. At long last he had found it. THE LOST DUTCHMAN MINE. Something flashed in a crumble of rock at his feet. Picture rock it was with a heavy vein of gold. He took it eagerly outside, the better to see it. He knew he clutched a fortune in his hands when suddenly there was a sharp cry from his Indian wife, Noseeta, as she threw arms outstretched before him, an arrow passed through her breast.

He laid her gently on the ground, dropping his gold ore as he did so. He pulled his gun from his holster and flinging himself flat on the ground, Indian fashion, he feverishly scanned the nearby rocks for some sign of the mysterious assassin. But the next instant two arrows quivered in his back beneath his blades.

The Pima Chief gave both his daughter and her husband decent burial by the tribe. But the tribal gods and the Superstition Mountains still keep the secret of the Lost Dutchman Mine.

The LAZO KID

in "TRAILING THE BORDER THIEVES!"



STOP THEM,
SOMEBODY, STOP
THEM, BEFORE
SOMEONE IS
KILLED!

IT EES NO TROUBLE
AT ALL, SENORITA.
SEE, JUST A LEETLE
TWIST OF THE
WREEST!

BLAME!

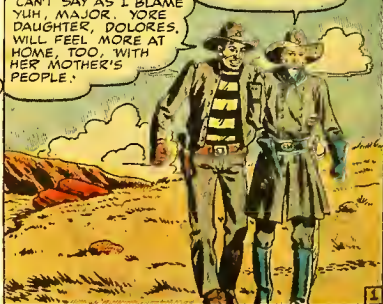
CONFEDERATE MAJOR, SCOTT MCHUGH ACCOMPANIED BY HIS AIDE, BUCK MEDDERS, RETURNS TO HIS TEXAS HOME WITH AN EMPTY SLEEVE.

YOU'RE RIGHT, BUCK, WHILE I WAS AWAY GIVING MY RIGHT ARM FOR TEXAS, THE STAY-AT-HOMES STOLE HALF MY CATTLE.

NOW YORE TALKIN', MAJOR

I'M LEAVING TEXAS, BUCK, AND MOVING MY CATTLE TO MEXICO WHERE MY DEAD WIFE'S FATHER HAS A BIG RANCH.

CAN'T SAY AS I BLAME YUH, MAJOR. YORE DAUGHTER, DOLORES, WILL FEEL MORE AT HOME, TOO, WITH HER MOTHER'S PEOPLE.



START PACKING, DOLORES, I'M LEAVING TEXAS AND MOVING LOCK STOCK AND BARREL ACROSS THE BORDER INTO OLD MEXICO.

WHY FATHER, YOU CAN'T LEAVE TEXAS! IT'S AGAINST THE LAW NOW AND THE TEXAS RANGERS WON'T LET YOU.

RANGERS OR NO RANGERS, NOBODY'S GOING TO TELL SCOTT MCHUGH WHAT TO DO. THIS IS A FREE COUNTRY, AND I'M A-MOVIN' MY CATTLE TO OLD MEXICO.

OTIS, COME HERE QUICK AND SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH MY FATHER. HE SAYS HE'S MOVING TO OLD MEXICO TO LIVE WITH MY MOTHER'S PEOPLE.

THE MAJOR'S NEW FOREMAN, OTIS ALLEN, STARTS AN ARGUMENT.

HOW CAN YOU MOVE TO MEXICO, MAJOR, WHEN YOU PROMISED ME HALF INTEREST IN THE RANCH IF I STOPPED THE RUSTLERS AND I HAVE.

THE MAJOR DOESN'T OWE YOU ANYTHING, OTIS. FACT IS, I'VE A HUNCH THAT YORE PLAYING IT BOTH WAYS AND THROWIN' IN WITH THE RUSTLERS, TOO.

DON'T JUDGE ME BY YOURSELF, BUCK MEDDERS. I'M NOT TRYING TO CHEAT THE MAJOR. I'M A BETTER MAN THAN YOU AND I CAN PROVE IT. PUT UP YOUR FISTS.

YORE NOT ONLY TRYING TO ROB THE MAJOR OF HALF HIS CATTLE, BUT YORE AIMIN' TO MARRY HIS DAUGHTER, AND GET THE WHOLE RANCH.

AND HERE'S A POKE ON THE JAW YOU WEREINT COUNTIN' ON, YOU YOUNG WHIPPERSNAPPER.

OH, YOU BIG BRUTE!

LET 'EM ALONE, DAUGHTER. MAY THE BEST MAN WIN.

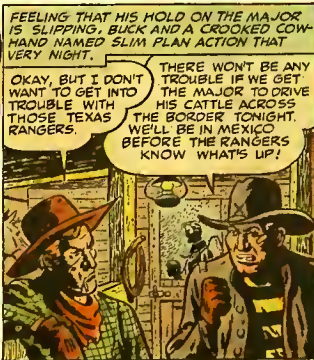
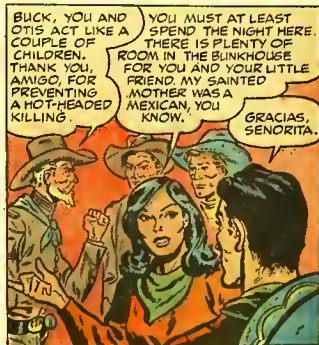
THE LAZO KID STRUMS HIS GUITAR AS HE NEARS THE BAR Z RANCH.

I'LL EAT WHEN I'M HUNGRY AND DRINK WHEN I'M DRY! I'LL MAKE LOVE TO THE 5 LADIES AND LEEV TILL I DIE!

HELP HELP!

QUEEK, PEDRO, EES BEAUTIFUL LADY'S VOICE CALLING FOR HELP. NO?

SI, LAZO, BUT ALWAYS THERE EES MUCH TROUBLE FOR US WHEN BEAUTIFUL LADY HOLLER FOR HELP!



THERE'S EVEN A SLICKER WAY TO PLAY THIS, BUCK, THAN TO DRIVE THE CATTLE ACROSS THE MEXICAN BORDER.

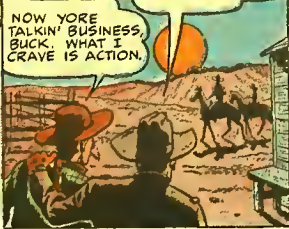
YORE TELLIN' ME? I ALREADY GOT SOME RUSTLER FRIENDS HID AWAY IN THOSE CANYONS NEAR THE BORDER. WE'LL PRETEND TO FIGHT, BUT THEY'LL STEAL THE CATTLE AND SPLIT WITH US.



THAT NIGHT, BUCK AND SLIM SEE OTIS AND DOLORES OUT FOR A RIDE IN THE MOONLIGHT.

SLIM, NOW'S OUR CHANCE, WHILE OTIS AND DOLORES ARE AWAY, I'LL PERSUADE THE MAJOK TO START. YOU GO GET THE VAQUEROS AND THEIR WIVES INTO THE COVERED WAGONS.

NOW YORE TALKIN' BUSINESS, BUCK. WHAT I CRAVE IS ACTION.



BUT, BUCK, I CAN'T JUST UP AND LEAVE MY DAUGHTER LIKE THAT.

IT'S YORE ONLY CHANCE, MAJOR. WE GOT TO GET A GOOD HEAD START OR THAT OTIS ALLEN'LL GET THE RANGERS TO STOP US.



DOLORES WILL BE FURIOUS AND WORRIED BUT I'LL SEND HER A NOTE AS SOON AS I AND MY CATTLE GET ACROSS THE MEXICAN BORDER AND SHE CAN JOIN ME THERE. I'LL HAVE TO SETTLE WITH OTIS ALLEN, TOO.

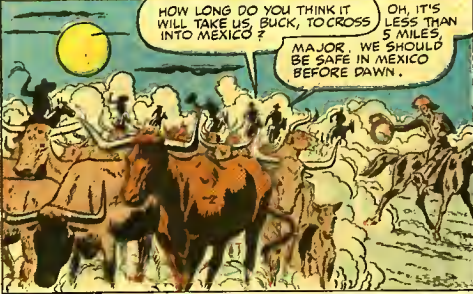


AND SO BEFORE MIDNIGHT AND THE RETURN OF DOLORES AND OTIS, MAJOR SCOTT MCHUGH PACKS HIS VALUABLES AND DRIVES HIS HERD FOR THE NEARBY MEXICAN BORDER.

HOW LONG DO YOU THINK IT WILL TAKE US, BUCK, TO CROSS INTO MEXICO?

OH, IT'S LESS THAN 5 MILES.

MAJOR, WE SHOULD BE SAFE IN MEXICO BEFORE DAWN.



MEANWHILE THE LAZO KID AND PEDRO SCOUR THE RANCH TO WARN DOLORES AND HER SWEETHEART, OTIS ALLEN.

EXCUSE PLEEZE, SENORITA, BUT SENOR BUCK HAS PERSUADED YOUR FATHER TO DRIVE HIS HERD TONIGHT OVER THE MEXICAN BORDER.

WHA-A-T? MY FATHER WOULDN'T LEAVE ME LIKE THAT... QUICK, OTIS, WE MUST STOP FATHER BEFORE THE TEXAS RANGERS MAKE HIM A PRISONER.



IT EES MUCH WORSE EVEN THAN THAT, SENORITA. SENOR BUCK HAS FRIENDS IN CANYON NEAR BORDER WHO WILL STEAL YOUR FATHER'S CATTLE. THEY WILL BE TOO MANY FOR US, SO PEDRO FIND RANGERS AND BRING TO US, QUEEK.

WHY, THAT DIRTY DOUBLE-CROSSING BUCK MEEDERS! WHAT DID I TELL YOU, DOLORES?

SI, SI, LAZO I DRIVE BILLEE GOAT LIKE ZEE WIND.



TAKING A SHORT CUT, LAZO AND HIS FRIENDS OVERTAKE THE MAJOR AND BUCK.

ARE, MY FRANS, DOWN IN THE VALLEY... NOW IF WE CAN TURN THE CATTLE BACK IN THE DIRECTION OF THE RANCH, THAT WILL DO THE TRICK, IS NO?

I'WELL, LET'S GO. HALF OF THOSE CATTLE BELONG TO ME, ANYWAY.

THIS WILL BE THE DEATH OF MY FATHER! HE IS NOT SO STRONG.



YIPPEE, YAY, YAY!

WHAA HOO, WHA-A-A- HOO-OO-OO-O-O!



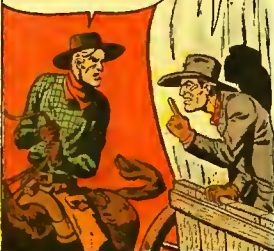
I SHOULD'NT HAVE LET YOU TALK ME INTO THIS, BUCK. NOW I'VE GOT A BAD HEART ATTACK.

YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT, MAJOR. JUST LIE DOWN HERE AND SLEEP. ALL THE REST TO ME.



QUICK, BUCK, THAT MEX WHO ROPED YORE WRIST, AND OTIS AND THE MAJOR'S DAUGHTER ARE UP FRONT TRYIN' TO TURN THE HERD.

SHHH! PIPE DOWN, YOE FOOL, AFORE THE MAJOR HEARS YUH..



ROUSE UP THOSE MEXICAN COWBOYS AND BRING 'EM UP FRONT WITH THEIR SADDLE-GUNS ON THE READY. HURRY, NOW, SLIM, WHILST I RECONNOITER.

OKAY, BUCK. AND THIS TIME, IT'S BOOTHILL, FOR THAT OTIS ALLEN AND THAT LAZO KID... NO FOOLIN'.



QUIT TRYIN' TO STAMPEDE MY HERD, OTIS ALLEN, OR YOU'LL GET A BIG DOSE OF LEAD.

YOUR HERO? SINCE WHEN DID THESE CATTLE BECOME YOURS, YOU DOUBLE-CROSSING CATTLE RUSTLER?



AGHHH! YOU GOT ME, BUCK MEDDERS, BUT YOU'LL NEVER GET ACROSS THE BORDER, THE RANGERS ARE ON THEIR WAY RIGHT NOW.

YOU'LL HANG FOR THIS, BUCK, MEDDERS.

WHO'S AFRAID OF THE TEXAS RANGERS? THEY SLEEP ALL NIGHT ANYHOW.



COME, OUEEK, SENOR BUCK. THE MAJOR, HE IS DYEENG. WHA-A-AT? OH, NO! NO!



MAJOR SCOTT McHUGH MAKES HIS LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

FORGIVE ME, MY CHILD, AND HEAR ME, I'M DYING... WHAT WAS ALL THAT SHOOTING ABOUT? I WANT YOU AND OTIS TO BE MARRIED AND HAVE THE RANCH AND THE CATTLE AND TO STAY IN TEXAS... AHhhh!

NO, FATHER, NO! DON'T LEAVE ME LIKE THIS PLEASE, PLEASE!



GAVE YOU THE RANCH AND THE CATTLE, DID HE? WELL, FORGET IT. BUCK MEDDERS IS TAKING OVER HERE. THE MAJOR FORGOT THAT I SAVED HIS LIFE IN BATTLE AND HE PROMISED ME THE RANCH AND ALL THE CATTLE.

GET IN THERE. YOU GUITAR PLAYIN' MEX. ALL THREE OF YUH HAD BETTER START SAYIN' YORE PRAYERS.



WHAT WE'D BETTER DO NOW IS TO GIT OVER INTO MEXICO AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE, SELL THE CATTLE, GIT RID OF OTIS AND THE MEX. TURN THE GIRL OVER TO HER RELATIVES, AND COME BACK AND TAKE OVER THE RANCH... SELL IT, TOO.

YEAH, BUT WHAT'RE WE GOIN' TO DO WITH THE CATTLE RUSTLERS IN THE CANYON?... WE DON'T NEED 'EM, NOW. AN' THEY'LL BE PLENTY SORE.



MEANWHILE, PEDRO HAS REACHED THE TEXAS RANGER HEADQUARTERS.

PLEASE COME QUEEK, IT BETTER BE BOY, SENOR CAPITAN, IT EES AS I TELL YOU.



HI YI, BILLEE! HURREE! LAZO WAITS FOR US!



BUT BUCK AND SLIM FIND THAT THE MEXICAN COWBOYS AND THEIR WOMEN REFUSE TO GO ON.

LISTEN TO ME, YOU MEX. I TELL YOU THIS CATTLE HAS TO BE ACROSS THE BORDER BY SUN UP.

NAW, I WEEL NOT MOVE ONE STEP UNTIL ME AND MY MAN, WE HAVE SOMETHING HOT TO EAT FOR BREAKFAST.



TO FURTHER DELAY BUCK'S DEPARTURE, THE LAZO KID OFFERS TO ENTERTAIN WITH MUSIC.

HOW ABOUT A LEETLE MUSIC AND DANCING, SENORES?

EET WOULD BE WONDERFUL!

NOW WE BEGIN TO LIVE A LEETLE. THESE AMERICANOS WITH THEM IT EES ALWAYS HURREE, HURREE, HURREE!



BUT MATTERS ARE FURTHER COMPLICATED FOR BUCK BY THE UNTIMELY RIVAL OF DOWNEY, THE LEADER OF THE RUSTLERS

HEY, WHAT IN TARNATION IS GOING ON HERE?

THAT'S WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW. WE GOT TIRED WAITIN' FOR YOKE SIGNAL, BUCK.



WE WON'T BE NEEDING YOU AND YOKE RUSTLERS DOWNEY, SO BEAT IT, VAMOOSE!

NOBODY GIVES DOWNEY THE DOUBLE-CROSS AND LIVES TO TELL, BUCK MEDDOERS.

HI, CHAPULI! CHAPULI!



BUT THANKS TO THE DELAYING TACTICS OF THE LAZO KID, THE TEXAS RANGERS ARRIVE ON TIME TO TAKE ALL THE MAL HOMBRES PRISONERS AND THE CATTLE ARE RETURNED TO THE BAR Z RANCH.

HANDS UP, ALL OF YOU RENEGADES AND DESPERADOES, IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF TEXAS.



TWO DAYS LATER...

GOODBYE LAZO, GOODBYE PEDRO. THANKS FOR ALL YOU HAVE DONE FOR US.

IT WAS A PLEASURE, SENORITA.



HE EES A LUCKY MAN, LAZO, THAT SENOR OTIS TO HAVE SO BEAUTIFUL A SWEETHEART.

DOLORES EES BEAUTIFUL, BUT NOT SO LOVELY AS YOUR BEEG SISTER MY LEETLE FRAN.



THE BLACK BULL GETS A COMPETITOR, THE BLUE PHANTOM, WHO UNLIKE THE BLACK BULL, SPOOKS ARIZONA RANCHERS, KEEPING WHAT HE CAN STEAL, UNTIL THE BLACK BULL BEATS HIM TO THE DRAW IN...

A METEOR SAVES THE RANCH!

WHOA, GENTS! THE BLUE PHANTOM COLLECTS THE MONEY IN THESE PARTS. SO FORK OVER ALL YOU GOT AND REACH FOR THE MOON.

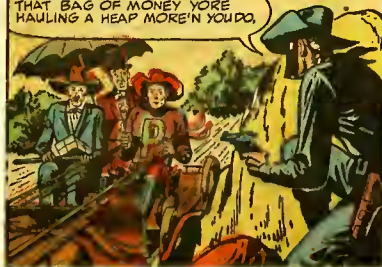
NOT WHILE THE BLACK BULL'S AROUND TO RESTORE STOLEN GOODS TO THEIR RIGHTFUL OWNERS, BLUE PHANTOM!

MY WORD, SIR! ROBBING A THIEF IS A BIT OF ALL RIGHT? EH, WHAT?



WHILE DALE DARCY IS DRIVING HIS FATHER, OLD CORNELIUS, HOME FROM THE BANK WITH THE RANCH PAYROLL, THE BLUE PHANTOM HELPS HIMSELF...

WHOA, GENTS! THE BLUE PHANTOM NEEDS THAT BAG OF MONEY YORE HAULING A HEAP MORE'N YOU DO.

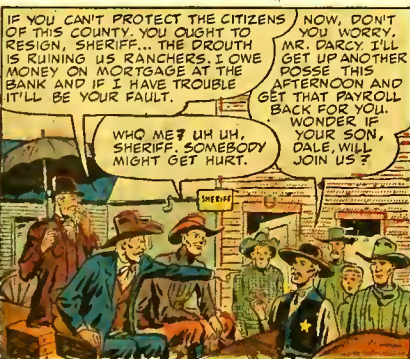
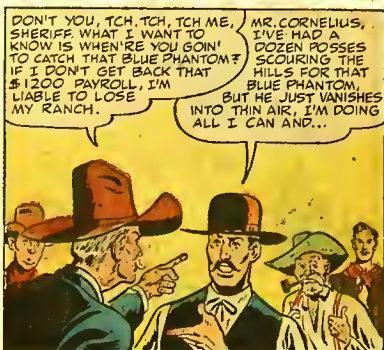


WHAT THE...? ...THIS IS AN OUTRAGE!

TAKE IT EASY, POP, OR YOU'LL HAVE A STROKE

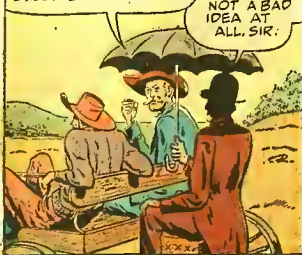
I SAY, THIS IS HARDLY CRICKET, OLD BEAN!





THE IDEA OF MY OWN SON REFUSING TO JOIN THE SHERIFF'S POSSE, IF THE BANK FORECLOSES ON THE RANCH, YOU WON'T HAVE A ROOF OVER YOUR HEAD... HOW I'D LIKE TO SWAP YOU OFF FOR THAT BLACK BULL, EH, EGBERT?

NOT A BAD IDEA AT ALL, SIR.



LATER, THE SHERIFF SHOWS UP AT THE DARGY RANCH WITH A POSSE.

WE'VE BEEN SCOURING THEM HILLS WHERE YOU WERE HELD UP, MR. DARGY, BUT WE AIN'T FOUND HAIR NOR HIDE OF THAT BLUE PHANTOM, YET.

WELL, DON'T STOP, OR BY A BUFFALO'S HIDE YOU'LL STOP BEING SHERIFF, TOO.



MEANWHILE, DALE STEALS AWAY FROM THE RANCH WITH EGBERT.

HURRY, EGBERT, YOU OLD POKE. WE'VE GOT PLENTY TO DO IN CACTUS GAP BEFORE NOW AND DAWN.

I'M GETTING A LEG UP, SIR, AS FAST AS I CAN, BUT DID IT EVER OCCUR TO YOU, SIR, THAT THE NIGHT WAS MADE FOR SLEEPING?



BEG PARDON, SIR, BUT IT SEEMS SORT OF SILLY TO LOOK FOR THE BLUE PHANTOM SO CLOSE TO THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE, SIR.

THAT'S JUST WHAT THE BLUE PHANTOM MAY THINK, TOO EGBERT, OLD BOY.



IN THE CACTUS GAP CASINO, A NE'ER-DO-WELL RANCHER, ALF BURNET, OVERHEARS AN INTERESTING DEAL.

GLAD TO MEETCHA, MR. OLAF ORENSON... "BREEZY" STANTON'S MY NAME FROM BACK EAST... I'M HERE REPRESENTING THE GREAT CHICAGO WORLD FAIR AND

WELL,

YOU BAN

COME TO

RIGHT PLACE,

MR. BREEZY

STANTON... I HAF

BIG METEOR ON

MY RANCH... HOW

MUCH DO YOU PAY?

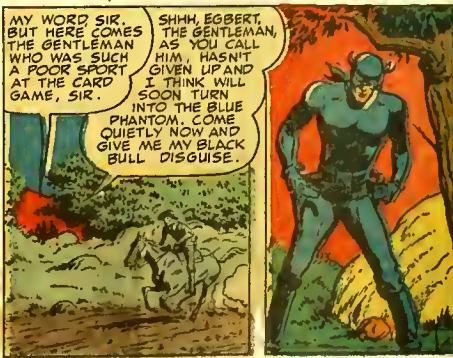
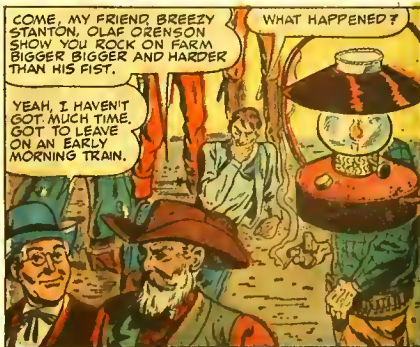
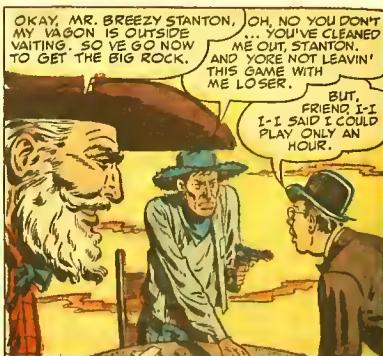
WELL, MY FRIEND OLAF, A LOT OF PEOPLE THINK THEY OWN METEORS BUT THEY DON'T. HOWEVER, IF YOUR ROCK IS **GENUINE** METEORITE, I'LL PAY YOU IN GOLD \$500 A POUND.

GOOT! PY YIMMINY. YOU SAY YOU HAF TO LEAVE TOWN TOMORROW, VE GO GET BIG ROCK TONIGHT... WAIT, HERE I BREG VAGON FROM LIVERY STABLE IN LESS THAN VUN HOUR.

HOWDY, STRANGER? YEAH. DON'T MIND IF I DO FRIEND.

HOWDY, STRANGER? YEAH. DON'T MIND IF I DO FRIEND.





ORENSEN LETS STANTON INSPECT THE METEORITE.

WELL, THERE BAN THE ROCK, MR. BREEZY STANTON, THE PROFESSOR AT THE ARIZONY COLLEGE SAYS SHE'S THE GENUINE ARTICLE.

I CAN PRETTY SOON TELL YOU, IF SHE CUTS UNDER THIS KNIFE LIKE LEAD AND LOOKS BLACKISH BROWN ON THE OUTSIDE AND LIKE SILVER INSIDE, SHE'S A METEORITE ALL RIGHT.



IT'S A GENUINE METEORITE ALL RIGHT, AND I'LL TAKE HER. LETS LOAD HER ON THE WAGON. HOW MUCH YOU THINK SHE'LL WEIGH?

BETTER'N 300 POUND BUT I'LL LET YOU HAVE HER AT 300.



NOW, PY YIMMINY, VE ROLL HER TO THE VAGON.

BOY SHE BURIED HERSELF DEEP, DIDN'T SHE?



TRUE TO HIS HUNCH, BLACK BULL FINDS THE BLUE PHANTOM, ABOUT READY TO POUNCE UPON HIS NEXT VICTIMS.



PUFF, PUFF, I RECKON SHE WEIGHS MORE THAN 300 POUNDS ALL RIGHT.

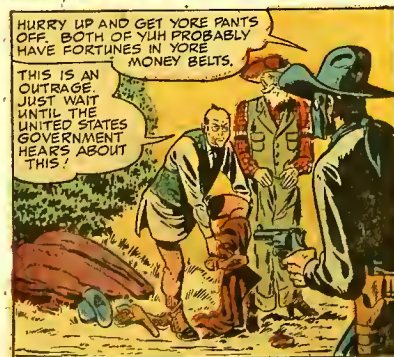
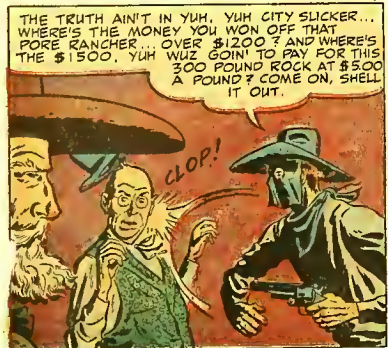
PY YIMMINY, SHE'LL WEIGH NEAR 400 OR I'M A COYOTE'S UNCLE... VAT WUZ DAT NOISE? DIDN'T YOU HEAR SOMETHINGS?

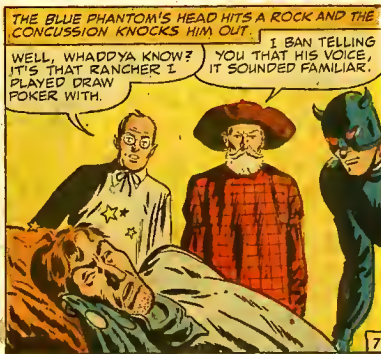
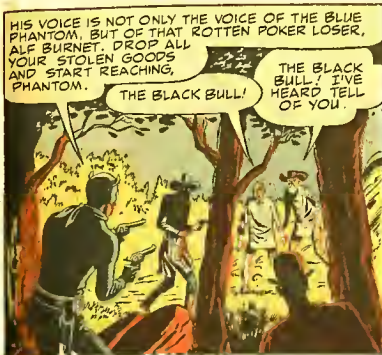


NAW, MY FRIEND, YOU ARE JUST IMAGINING THINGS IN THE MOONLIGHT.

REACH, GENTS, REACH, AND JUST IMAGINE THAT THE BLUE PHANTOM IS TELLING YUH TO FORK OVER ALL THE CASH AND VALUABLES YUH HAPPEN TO HAVE ON YORE PERSONS.







THE SHERIFF IS STILL HOT ON THE TRAIL OF THE BLUE PHANTOM

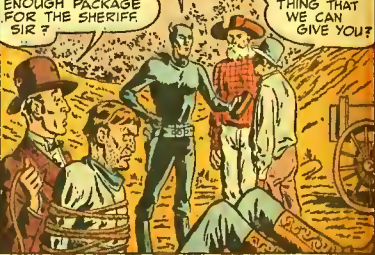
HURRY MEN, I HEARD SHOTS OVER THERE. LET'S RIDE 'EM DOWN



THERE YOU ARE, GENTLEMEN. ALL YOUR MONEY BACK AND I'M GIVING \$1200 TO EGBERT HERE TO GIVE TO HIS EMPLOYER, CORNELIUS DARCY, BEING THE PAYROLL STOLEN FROM HIM BY THE BLUE PHANTOM

IS THIS A NEAT ENOUGH PACKAGE FOR THE SHERIFF, SIR?

BUT BLACK BULL ISN'T THERE SOMETHING THAT WE CAN GIVE YOU?



BUT I'VE BEEN GRATEFUL TO YOU REST OF MY LIFE, BLACK BULL.

ADIOS, AMIGOS! JUST GIVE THAT BLUE PHANTOM PACKAGE TO THE SHERIFF WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF BLACKBULL AND GOOD LUCK.



YOU'RE CLOSE ENOUGH HOME, NOW, EGBERT, TO BE SAFE WITH THAT MONEY. GIVE IT TO MY FATHER IN THE MORNING AND TELL HIM I SPENT THE NIGHT IN TOWN.

VERY GOOD, SIR, BUT TELL ME HOW ON EARTH DID YOU KNOW THAT THE BLUE PHANTOM AND THIS ALF BURNET WERE THE SAME PERSON.



THAT WAS EASY, EGBERT, OLD BEAN. THEY BOTH HELD THEIR GUNS IN THEIR LEFT HANDS.

MOST AMAZING, SIR, BUT NEXT TIME WOULD YOU KINDLY KEEP ME OUT OF THE RANGE OF FIRE. I'M LOSING QUITE A FEW HATS, SIR.



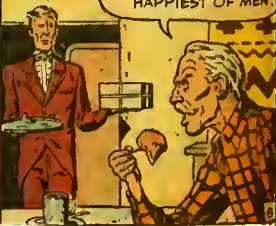
THAT'S MUCH CHEAPER THAN LOSING YOUR HEAD, EGBERT, OLD THING.

HAW! HAW! QUITE CLEVER, SIR, WHAT?



SO THERE YOU ARE, SIR, THE \$1200 PAYROLL RETURNED TO YOU WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF BLACK BULL.

WHA-A-AT? THAT BLACK BULL SAVED ME FROM RUIN AGAIN? IF ONLY MY SON WERE NOT SUCH A LOAFER, EGBERT, I WOULD BE THE HAPPIEST OF MEN.





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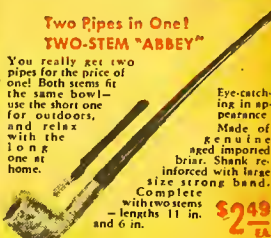


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